

VOL. XVI. NO. 2

# JUNIOR JOURNAL

APRIL, 1942

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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PRINCETON NEW JERSEY

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

APRIL  
1942

PRINCETON COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

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# JUNIOR JOURNAL

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XVI

APRIL, 1942

No. 2

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All Communications Should Be Addressed to: The Business Manager, Junior Journal, Princeton Country Day School, Princeton, N. J.

## Editorial

In an all-out war such as that which we are now fighting, every citizen must be prepared both mentally and physically for the immediate task of winning the war and the later task of winning the peace. Those of us who are now in school will probably play an active part in building a new democratic order based on freedom and equality. If we are to do a good job, we should start now to develop our minds so that we may keep ourselves intelligently informed of affairs abroad and, at the same time, make ourselves good citizens at home. Our hands, too, should not be idle. We must keep them so practised that, with a little extra training, they may become equally expert behind a lathe or at the control of a machine gun.

American boys are only now beginning to realize what valuable things they can do for their country in time of war. German youths have long been familiar with this truth, and although their study of history and foreign affairs has often been twisted and misled, and although they have been forced to work long hours in government labor camps, most German boys undoubtedly feel that they are making a real contribution to their country's war effort. Surely what they have been made to do by force we can do by our own free will.

It is encouraging to find that our school is making a good beginning along these lines with its recent attempt to interest boys in mind and body-building hobbies. In one group the use of the camera, so vital in war, is explained to those who have selected photography as their hobby. Other boys

are acquiring dexterity in wood-working through the manual training class, or are finding an outlet for their artistic skill in painting or in working with marionettes. Still others are adding to their knowledge of current events through informal talks and discussions; while occasional speakers come to us from the university or the world of business to talk on many interesting subjects.

It is obvious that in our new activities program strong emphasis has been placed on our mental and physical development. This does not mean that we should not find real fun and pleasure in our chosen activity. It simply means that we have the opportunity to train and equip ourselves for useful service to our country. Of what use is a tank, a gun, or a machine, without an intelligent human being to take care of it? In the same way, a nation built on our democratic principles will fall apart if it is not kept together by intelligent citizens who have been trained for their jobs in the spirit of voluntary service.

## Department Editors

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## Honors—Second Term

### First Honor Roll

(90-100)

Ellis

Howard

Mathey, M.

Piper, R.

Rossmassler

Schluter

Vagts

Wetzel

### Third Honor Roll

(80-85)

Benham

Dignan

Eckfeldt

Gordon-Lennox

Harrop

Hudson, M.

Laughlin, L.

Lindley

March

McAneny

Paynter, R.

Matthews

Peyton, M.

Warren

### Second Honor Roll

(85-90)

Broneer

Godolphin

Hart

McAlpin

McCutchen

Morehouse

Patterson

Paynter, G.

Piper, G.

## The Calendar

### JANUARY

*Ring out the old,  
Ring in the new,  
Ring happy bells,  
Across the snow.*

- January 7* Happiness reigns in the homes of Princeton and Trenton today as eighty-four future United States Presidents leap from their beds and greet the dawn with a smile. Anxious parents scan their eager offspring for signs of approaching insanity or some hideous form of hoof and mouth disease. But there's no need for alarm. It's the first day of school, and of course everyone's just itching to try out that latest set of New Year's resolutions. You know, the ones about being a good boy, getting no more conduct marks, giving up second helpings to your little sister, not forgetting to remember not to forget your rubbers—and all the rest. So put away the old family catnip bottle, Mother. Everythings under control for 1942—until tomorrow, at any rate.
- January 9* A big day down on the old Mathey farm! Yes, sir, they're awhoopin' it up fer brother Dean's birthday. "Why I mind the day he was born!" cackles the hired man. "Cute little feller, he was. He had a hockey stick in one hand and a tennis racquet in the other! Guess he'll need both hands this summer, though, when he starts milkin', diggin', and hoein' fer Uncle Sam!"
- January 12* Malcolm Peyton, future conductor of the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, born.
- January 13* "Who's afraid of the Thirteenth?" David Dignan wants to know. "Not me!" says David. "It's my lucky day. Look at all my birthday presents!"
- January 15* Want to get in on a little secret? Well, for years now—ever since we've been in the school, in fact—we've tried for a part in the school play. Not just a spear carrier, you understand, or Lady in Waiting to the Princess, or Third Citizen, or the Horse's Neck, or Man in Armor, or the Dragon's Tail—but a real fat juicy part like King Arthur of the Table Round, or Mata Hari, the Beautiful Spy, or Captain Whizzbang of the Horse Marines—something you can get your teeth into. But, alas, they could never see it our way.
- "Go back to your ABC's," they would say. "Brush up on your penmanship and the multiplication table. Sit down at your desk and wait. Some day your chance will come."

We did. We waited so long that our hair grew white, our teeth fell out, and our neck creaked like a rusty weather-vane. Then came the day! The school play was announced. It was "Rip Van Winkle!"

Gleefully we hobbled around to the McAneny casting office. "It's Broadway 'er bust, this time!" we muttered, confident that we had *everything* for the part of Rip. Bursting with pride, we showed them our old white head, let them stroke our tangled beard, creaked all our joints, recited some lines from Shakespeare with all our teeth missing, and wound up with a wheezing cough that rumbled and reverberated just like a summer thunder-storm in the good old Catskill mountains.

"It's no use," they said. "We want a younger man for the part!" Too old to play even Rip Van Winkle, we are thinking of retiring from the stage—but not before we've made our Farewell Appearance. Yes, sir,—do you see that old twisted tree trunk in among the scenery, with moss hanging from its branches? Well, that's us—beard and all! In the school play at last!

- January 16* Garry Blakeney, prominent Prospect Street clubman, born.
- January 17* Sammy Howell, local film critic and authority on stage and screen, celebrates his birthday anniversary. Where? At the Garden (matinee, 3-5 p.m.) and the Playhouse (continuous performance, 7-11 p.m.), of course.
- January 18* Nicholas There'll-always-be-an-England Hopkinson, born this happy day.
- January 19* It's a braw day for the sons of Scotland! The bag-pipes are squealing and the clans are gathering, for the chief of the Mac-Alpins celebrates his birthday. There's a sprig o' bonney heather and an extra bowl of porridge for Mac this morning.
- January 22* The day of the Big Freeze. Everyone's off to the lake for the first time this year. Old-timers like Paul Broneer and David Voorhees can hardly wait to try out some of those fancy figure-eights and curlyqueues they've been drawing in their exercise books all year. None of your little two-by-four skating rinks! No, sir, give us the wide open spaces—where the wind whistles through your red-flannel underwear and the ice lies as smooth as cook's old washboard. That half-mile trudge up the hill to school will raise hair on your chest, too, if you carry your skates, a hockey stick, your little brother, and that out-size Navy-sweater Mom knitted for the Red Cross last year.
- January 31* Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, famed Scotland Yard sleuth hound, born.



## FEBRUARY

*I watch the snow flakes as they fall  
On bank and brier and broken wall;  
Over the orchard, waste and brown,  
All noiselessly they settle down.*

- February 2 Those Laughlin boys didn't show up today. Rumor hath it that they're spending the day with old Mr. Groundhog, helping him to look for his shadow.
- February 10 John Stewart made us swear not to tell anyone this is his birthday. We can keep a secret as well as he can, so, true to our promise, we won't breathe it to a soul.
- February 13 Detlev Rip Van Winkle wakes up out of a long sleep to find that it's his birthday. Don't ask us which one. We're as badly muddled about it all as poor Rip was—and that's a fact!
- February 14 Now who could have put that little red heart on our desk this morning? We thought we knew how most of the girls over at Miss Fine's crossed their *i's* and dotted their *i's*—having seen a few specimens in our time—but this one has us baffled. Perhaps it's from one of those cute little First Graders—but the question is how did she happen to pick on us and not one of Mr. Whitehead's Glamor Boys? Oh, well, there's no telling about women. Perhaps we're better looking than we thought we were!
- February 15 Myles Grant, famous Rover Boy—or "From Log Cabin to White House", born.
- February 19 Billy "Information Please" Harrop made his first noise in the world today. Yes, it was a question!
- February 20 John Moore, Captain of the Clouds, born.
- February 23 A light fall of snow this morning, and Marty Benham out early to look at his traps, hoping to bag a few skunks. That one he caught a few nights ago turned out to be one of the neighbors' cats.  
"As long as he stick to *felines*, it's all right with me," says Randolph Hudson. "But he'd better not snare any *canines*"—mindful of Beowulf, the faithful Hudson rabbit hound, the dog that Hollywood wanted for "The Hound of the Baskervilles".

## MARCH

*I guess the pussy willows now  
Are creeping out on every bough  
Along the bank; and robins look  
For early worms behind the plough.*

- March 1* Hello, lamb! Nice little lamb! Oh, pardon our mistake. Hello, lion! Nice old lion!
- March 3* Tune in on that nation-wide hook-up. That static you hear is part of the birthday whoopee they're sending out from Station OGY in honor of the famous team of Peyton and Schluter, Radios greatest little gag men, both born this happy day.
- March 5* Sammy Pettit, soldier of fortune, born.
- March 7* A red-letter day for Trenton! The whole town turns out to celebrate the birthday of two of its most famous sons—those first settlers and former Delaware River pirates, Charlie Stokes and Lindsey Parsons.
- March 9* Charlie McCutchen, the Man Who Came to Dinner, born.
- March 10* To the rink, to see the Blues get White-washed in the Skating Meet. 'Twas not ever thus! We remember the time when . . . but we'd better say no more. This Color question is loaded with dynamite.
- March 17* Sure 'an it's a foine day for the Irish! We even turned green ourselves when we saw Mr. Whitehead in his emerald hues.
- March 20* Charlie Howard, Junior Home Run King, born.
- March 23* Marcus Turnbull, One-Man Blitzkrieg, born.
- March 26* Ward Morehouse, The Shadow of the Thin Man, born.
- March 30* Here it is examination time again! How *Tempus fugit!* (We like to throw in a Latin phrase now and then just to baffle The Boy Who Sits In Front Of Us. Sometimes it has the faculty guessing too! We're quite proud of this one. We picked it up from Stan Wilson, who says he thinks he heard it in Mr. Smyth's room one time. It means "Time's Up!" or "Time on my hands", or something like that—so Stan says, and you know what Stan's Latin is!) If we survive this ordeal, we'll see you next term, when we plan to make bigger and better footsteps in the sands of Tempus. Yours 'til then—

THE BOY WHO SITS BEHIND YOU

## Sold Into Slavery

It was a beautiful spring morning as I paced the deck of the ship on which I was a prisoner. My heart was bitter against those who had sold me into slavery. Although it was not unusual in those days for a strong, husky lad to be kidnapped and carried off against his will to some foreign land, I had no reason to suspect that my own uncle, who was also my guardian, would conspire to get me out of the way while he seized the family fortune and the estate that rightly belonged to me. I cursed my uncle and the black-hearted sea captain he had paid to kidnap me. I promised myself that if ever I got back to Scotland from the dreaded Carolinas I would get my revenge.

As I stood there, leaning over the ship's rail and wondering what my fate would be, I was startled by a sudden shout from the crow's nest.

"Land ho!" came the cry.

With this, the captain rushed out of his cabin and, seeing me standing idle, shouted, "Get to work, you lazy lubber!"

Just then the mate came by and shoved a scrubbing brush and pail into my hands. With an oath and a cuff on the ears, he ordered me to swab the decks.

Although I was curious to see what sort of land we were approaching, I had no time now to stand gazing over the side.

Some hours later, as we entered the harbor of Charleston, I could see the slave market down near the waterfront of the bustling little town. I shuddered at the thought of being a

slave. I had heard horrible stories of white as well as negro slaves being beaten to death with whips at the hands of cruel plantation owners.

At last the ship was anchored, and the crew made ready to go ashore. I was roughly tied up so that I could not run away. The captain himself led me from the wharf to the slave market, where men were buying and selling human beings like cattle.

Someone seized me and began to strip my shirt from my back, to see if my muscles would stand the strain of hard labor. Then the bidding for me started. Almost before I realized what was happening I was purchased by one of the men in the crowd around the auction block. I looked at my new owner with curiosity. He was a shrewd-looking villain, just the type of man who would work his slaves to death, I decided. He ordered me into a cart with ten other wretched fellows who had been sold as I was.

On the way to the plantation the driver of the cart warned us of the cruelty of our new owner by showing us the ugly welts on his back. I made up my mind that I would try to escape as soon as possible.

The next day we were all sent into the cotton fields to work under a broiling sun. I had not been used to such labor, but I did my share. Once when I stopped to rest a moment, the overseer rushed up and struck me with his whip. I yelled with pain as the lashes cut into my back. I told myself that the next time he tried to whip me I would attack him and escape, or die in the attempt.

Towards the end of the day I was so tired that I almost dropped to the ground from exhaustion. I stood motionless, panting for breath. Suddenly the whip cracked down again on my back. My blood began to boil. I waited my chance, and, when the

overseer turned the other way for a moment, I made a lunge for him. With one swift blow I knocked him unconscious. I looked around anxiously. No one had seen us. I could now make my bolt for freedom!

ROBERT DOUGHERTY (V)



## *My Little Sister*

My little sister is a pest,  
Until she goes to have her rest.  
Then at least she's out of the way,  
For half an hour every day.

But when she's up and playing around,  
I sometimes wish that she'd been drowned.  
She pokes her nose in all I do,  
And always says, "Let me play too!"

Her dolls are on the play-room floor  
Whenever I want to have a war.  
And when my homework's hard and long,  
She's sure to come and sing a song.

Sometimes in my bathroom she makes a brew  
Of toothpaste, soapsuds, cold-cream too—  
Yes, on the whole, I like her best,  
When she has gone to take her rest.

BRANDON HART (II)

## The War At Sea

*(Three Fifth Formers discuss various aspects of Naval Warfare)*

### SEA POWER *versus* AIR POWER

As the present world war advances, the question of sea power and air power becomes more and more interesting. Some people think that one is superior to the other, but in victory and defeat, sea power has been as essential a part of land fighting as air power. The control of the oceans has determined what armies could do on the land, even what airplanes could do in the skies; and the control of the skies has a bearing on what armies can do on the land and even what ships can do on the sea. We are beginning to realize that each arm of the fighting forces—armies, navies, and airplanes—depends upon each other's actions.

In three widely separated theatres of conflict—the Far East, the Norwegian coast, and the Black Sea—naval and air operations were patterned to work in harmony. The Japanese landings in the Philippines and on the Malay Peninsula, the successful Russian landings in the Crimea, and the British hit-run raids on the coast of Norway demonstrated the absolute necessity of strong naval and air power for offensive land operations—and offensive operations are the only kind that win wars.

These operations, too, demonstrated that neither air superiority nor naval superiority is in itself enough. The plane-ship team working in close harmony is essential to modern war. The three arms together—sea power,

air power, land power—closely coordinated and as closely directed, are the team that will provide victory on the oceans and on the continents.

In the Far East it was their sea and air power which enabled the Japanese to sweep down the Malay Peninsula and has since made possible the innumerable landings the Japanese have made all over the south Pacific area. When the powerful British warships, the "Prince of Wales" and the "Repulse", were sunk by Japanese torpedo, dive, and high level bombers, the Japanese were able to dominate the south Pacific. I think that if these two mighty ships had had the protection of twenty-five or thirty fighter planes, they might have been saved.

In the case of the "Bismark", it was not air power alone or sea power alone which brought about the destruction of this German battleship; it was both working together. It is true, of course, that the airplane played a slightly greater part, for it was from the sky that the "Bismark" was eventually sighted, and airplanes began the disabling of the ship. Here the naval units come into the picture, for the airplanes were based on an aircraft carrier. It is also possible that the job of destruction might not have been so complete if units of the British navy had not closed in and slapped the last torpedoes into her sides.



In the Crete incident one has to admit that air power won a decisive victory over sea power; but I believe that if the British had had more fighters at their disposal, they could at least have held out for a longer time.

Some people think that the day of the battleship is gone; but have a look at the waters around Great Britain. The Germans have long-range bombers cruising all over the sea near the British Isles; yet the British still control that area of the sea with their surface ships.

There was a case when a land-based British bomber had damaged a Nazi submarine and forced it to come to the surface. But the bomber had to keep watch over the submarine for quite a while before a British destroyer could come to the scene. This shows how helpless an airplane is in capturing disabled surface craft alone. It also shows that it takes close co-

ordination between surface ships and planes to get rid of the U-boat menace.

Recently our government has voted \$26,000,000 for our navy. First the bill was for a smaller sum, chiefly for small ships, but the larger final amount was decided upon, to include about 23,000 airplanes. This shows that our government realizes that air power as well as naval power is important on the high seas.

I think that the basic strategy of any commander trying to get control of the sea should be to have both surface ships and airplanes participating in the conflict or patrol, and to have the closest co-operation between them. The present war has clearly demonstrated that neither one by itself is sufficient for complete control of the sea.

PETER ERDMAN (V)

### SOME BRITISH NAVAL PROBLEMS

Today the problems of the British Navy are many and acute. In a world-wide war the British seadogs have many fronts to keep under their control. All the time that action is taking place at sea, ships have to be built and men to man them have to be trained at home. It is getting very hard to obtain the proper equipment and materials to build ships in England now, and the island is so small that it is comparatively easy for German airplanes to locate the ship-building yards and bomb them.

Almost every week we hear of merchant ships that are sunk or of con-

voys that are attacked by submarines. If these ships are not replaced, Great Britain could not continue fighting efficiently. The British ship-yards have to build cruisers and patrol boats to watch the coasts of Europe and to guard her own shores, which are in continuous danger of invasion. These yards have to supply ships to aid Gibraltar and the Suez Canal in holding the Mediterranean sea and in keeping it open for the Allied merchant ships to pass through.

German submarines are a particularly dangerous menace to the British. Destroyers and airplanes seem to be the most effective enemies of the U-

boat. When the United States traded fifty destroyers to Britain, it helped the submarine problem greatly. A submarine may travel at random for nearly a month, plundering Allied bases and sinking ships, without need to return to its mother ship. Recent German strategy has been to have U-boats travel in groups, which can take a heavy toll when they find a convoy.

One of the greatest handicaps to the effective use of the fighting strength of the Royal Navy is that the bigger ships of the fleet cannot maneuver in small bodies of water. They also provide excellent targets from the air.

While Germany or Japan holds supremacy in the air, this war cannot be won. Ships must have bases and harbors from which to operate. These bases can be located by the enemy and attacked by fast bombers before the ships can escape. This occurred at Pearl Harbor and could happen at any other unsuspecting naval base.

The disaster at Pearl Harbor created new problems for the British fleet as well as for our own. In planning their Pacific defense, the British undoubtedly left a wide area for the United States to control, but in the early days of December many of the ships they had depended upon were sunk at Pearl Harbor. Since then the British have had to transfer many ships needed elsewhere into the Pacific Ocean in order to hold their few remaining bases in that area.

One of the greatest problems the British navy has to face is that of keeping its many ships and airplanes supplied and re-fueled. With ships on every ocean, the problem is thus a world-wide one. It has been somewhat lessened since the United States came into the war, for now ships of the Royal Navy may stop for repairs and refueling at any American port.

Despite its many and detailed problems, the Royal Navy continues to carry on its good work in all parts of the globe.

DAVID MACALPIN (V)

### HOW A CONVOY OPERATES

One of the most interesting features of the present war is the development of the convoy system. Upon the successful and continuous operation of convoys depends the very existence of Great Britain, one of our allies; while the whole success of our campaign in the Far East also depends on convoys.

A convoy usually consists of not more than fifty ships and not less than fifteen. For a little way out of port,

a convoy may have the support of boats of the mosquito fleet, but these would not continue across the ocean. The destroyer is probably the most effective type of warship used to protect a convoy. It has speed, is small enough to manœuvre quickly, and carries devices made to fight submarines. An airplane is best at sighting the underwater boats, for its pilot can see far under the surface when he is high up in the air.

One of the handicaps of the convoy system is the inconvenience of traveling at the fastest speed of the slowest ship, but that cannot be helped. Some of the vessels in the convoy are often fortunate enough to have a deck gun, an anti-aircraft gun, or some other defensive weapon. These would be of no help against a submarine, but would be an inconvenience to attacking airplanes or other enemy craft. A ship's only protection against torpedoes is to watch for their wake and get out of the way.

When coming into a danger zone, the convoy begins to zig-zag. The exact way it is done is a naval secret. This gives a submarine less chance to obtain a direct hit at one of the boats. If a vessel should be hit or should develop engine trouble, it has to drop out of the convoy to make immediate repairs. The rest of the convoy goes on, leaving the unfortunate ship to hold its own against any enemy craft.

It is not as easy to operate a submarine and sink ships in a convoy as it seems. Hitler's method of attacking convoys is to have a group of submarines working in "wolf packs" to attack all at one time. Then the convoy is obliged to dodge torpedoes from all directions, and the destroyers are kept busy from one end of the convoy to the other. Handling the periscope of a submarine is so important that the job is usually reserved for the sub's commander. From glimpses that may last ten seconds or less, he must calculate the distance, course, and speed of his victim, aim the torpedoes, and release them at exactly the right moment. Nearly three-

quarters of all torpedo shots miss their mark.

Besides submarines, Hitler uses airplanes in attacking convoys. The Germans prefer dive bombing for the best results, but sometimes it takes long-range bombers to reach a convoy, and they are not fit for dive bombing. A convoy's only defense against this sort of attack is heavy anti-aircraft or machine gun fire. If there are patrol planes accompanying the convoy, they would intercept the enemy aircraft.

A third way of attacking convoys is by warships. They can either capture individual boats or sink them. So far the Nazis have not used this method very extensively, for most of their raiders have been either sunk or kept bottled up in home ports.

One of the most dramatic battles of the present war was the five-day running sea battle between a Nazi "wolf pack," supported by long-range bombers, and a British convoy supported by destroyers and an auxiliary aircraft carrier. This latter ship had been converted from a captured German merchant vessel. The British lost two freighters, one destroyer, and the aircraft carrier, to the German loss of three or four submarines and two bombers.

As I have tried to explain, convoys are under constant danger and must always be watching for the enemy. It is a difficult task to get convoys past these lurking submarines, but it is being done. Furthermore, it must continue to be done for the duration of the war.

JOHN SCHLUTER (V)



## Soldier Of The King

In the muster rolls of the British Army lie the names of many forgotten heroes. Even the names of such as the Sergeant of the 52nd who swam the ditch at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1814 and the Corporal who captured Jourdan's baton at Vitoria are forgotten. However, the name of Rollo Gillespie is still kept.

Gillespie was a soldier of the period when Napoleon was supreme in Europe. He never fought against the French, but was forced to display his courage in out-of-the-way corners of the world. Thus it was with many who marched and died in Burma, Buenos Aires, Cape Town, Egypt, and India. The names of such actions as Vimeiro, Fuentes d'Onor, Talavera, Quatre-Bras, Waterloo, Vittoria, and Salamanca are commemorated on the battle flags of many regiments, but except in a few old records the names of equally bitter battles such as Alegart, Laswaree, Arogie, and Fatshan Creek are known only to a few solemn individuals with glasses who make it their business to track down the obscure.

The army which young Rollo entered was a collection of ruffians mixed with honorable men. The discipline was hard, and because of the deductions a soldier often received no pay for months. The uniforms were as uncomfortable as possible. The scarlet tunic was eminently conspicuous. Even as late as 1920 a high ranking officer suggested wearing red coats again, and only the cost prevented this crazy project from being carried out.

This reaction would have been typical of a general of the period 1780-1820. The leaders were a strange lot. In the Peninsula, one general often had fits, but Wellington said, "When not crazy, Blank is a very good officer." In spite of their leaders' mediocrity the rank and file brought their army to victory. Before the steady volleys of the foot, the fanatical Mahratta horse and the famous Imperial Guard of Napoleon alike melted away. The ardour of even the impetuous Murat was cooled by a then red line of veterans. And yet of these, Wellington said that they were the worst bunch of soldiers he had ever seen. This after Waterloo!

When Rollo took the king's shilling, he joined a depot battalion in a small station in Hampshire. His regiment, the 63rd, drilled continuously in close order. His colonel, like many others of the time, was probably almost always drunk. The sergeant was probably the leading factor in his daily life. This leather-lunged campaigner was in charge of all the little details. Every morning, he inspected the uniforms to see that all was spotless.

Now a candidate for a commission would have to go through Sandhurst, but Rollo's father had procured a captain's commission for him. This was one of the major evils of the army. There were fixed rates for the sale of a post as an officer.

After a period of training, Rollo was sent to India in a slow, old transport. Where now a modern liner could make the voyage a pleasure trip,

in these earlier days the journey was fraught with the dangers of scurvy. In the hold of the rotting transports the soldiers were cramped and suffered greatly in a storm.

After his arrival at Calcutta Rollo participated in Lake's campaign around Deig and Delhi. Then followed several years of quiet and peace spent in a sleepy little garrison town. The usual routine was followed: raising the flag, inspection, tiffin, and such little duties. Then far away India was shocked by the outbreak of war in Europe. General Dundas organized an expedition against Java, a possession of the French-controlled Dutch.

After another long sea voyage, the fleet arrived at Batavia. Under the fire of the warships the troops waded into the knee-deep water. Gillespie and General Dundas were among the first to jump into the shark-infested bay. After the landing, the British formed into a column and with fixed bayonets charged the enemy drawn up along a nearby ridge. The Dutch cannon ploughed great gaps, but the scarlet ranks closed up and moved on. The silent ranks smote terror into the hearts of the half-trained Dutch. The enemy wavered, then, as the flashing line of steel came on with stern, implacable men, they broke and fled.

The Dutch general, Janssens, drew off his troops into the interior. Gillespie's regiment advanced along the Medung road past the rice paddies, while the Javanese plowed, unmindful of the strife. Then the column wound up into the mountains. They chopped their way through dense jungles. Gillespie's soldiers sweated with the labor. Many dropped with

sunstroke. Then, while passing along a flat plateau, the 49th was charged by some native lancers. Heavily outnumbered, the red-coats formed a square, the front rank kneeling to receive the horses with their bayonets while the rear rank mowed them down with their muskets. Thus, while the square held firm, the hedge of steel was impenetrable.

The Javanese felt their courage slowly ebb away. None of the men wavered. The scarlet tunic'd men's discipline was perfect. The cavalry rode around and around the square like the tide around high rocks. Then a volley like a single shot rang out. When the smoke had cleared away, the infantrymen had reloaded, but their enemy had melted away, leaving many lying dead or wounded on the field.

Gillespie resumed his march, and on the following day arrived at Balembak, the strong Dutch fortified position, where the other columns joined him. Balembak consisted of a principal fort in the valley and a small fort or redoubt on a neighboring hill. The redoubt was therefore the key to the whole position and Gillespie resolved to seize it.

He formed the grenadier and light companies of his regiment in a steep gulch. After all dispositions had been made, he led them up the hill. The soldiers could use only their bayonets for, as was usual in a surprise attack, their flints had been removed.

The column moved in silence through the tropical night. A fierce rainstorm was in progress, and the soldiers were wet to the skin. The palms bent under the impact of the

wind. To the excited soldiers the gloomy jungle seemed infested with lurking foes.

Finally, Gillespie came out into the clearing before the redoubt. The fort was dark and ominous. The men wavered before the forbidding sight, but their British discipline carried them on. One by one they dropped silently into the ditch. Where were the scaling ladders? At every moment it seemed to the nervous soldiers the enemy would discover their presence and rain down bombs and bullets upon the trapped men in the ditch. At last, however, the ladders arrived and Gillespie, followed by his men, ascended the wall.

A sleepy sentinel's warning cry was stifled in his throat by six inches of cold steel. The general in command woke up, to feel a bayonet at his throat and behind it a stern grenadier. Only a few dared to cross a bayonet or sabre with their opponents. One such was General Juytuk, who engaged Gillespie on the rampart. One false step and the ditch would receive the careless one. The two went at it hammer and tongs. Sparks flew, swords clashed, and then Juytuk was skillfully disarmed. The fort was taken, and the Union Jack floated over it.

Janssens, seeing the hopelessness of his position, surrendered, and Gillespie left for India, but not before he had done one more heroic deed. Some native lancers had stumbled across the British general staff and would have killed them, had not Gillespie and four fellow officers galloped up and driven the cavalry away, although they were outnumbered 10 to 1.

Back in India Gillespie returned to the normal routine. Then in 1814 war broke out with the Gurkhas. These inhabitants of little known Nepal were hardy, bloodthirsty, illiterate and impatient of privation. Their muskets were bad and their ammunition was worse, but in close fighting their kukris were extremely dangerous. They were experts in stockade and guerilla warfare. Gillespie was assigned a force consisting of: a battery of Horse Artillery, 7th Native Cavalry, part of the 8th Light Dragoons, two companies of pioneers and parts of the 6th, 7th, 17th and 22nd native infantry. With these troops he was to capture certain stockades and sever the Nepalese leader's communications with Katmandu, while Ochterlony attacked him in front.

The first stockade was captured, but the second offered stronger resistance. After pounding it with the Horse Artillery guns the commander sent the 8th Light Dragoons on foot to lead the attack along with a company of pioneers with ladders. They pushed forward so rapidly, however, that they outdistanced their supports, and, being attacked by a large force of Gurkhas, were driven back in confusion.

Undaunted, Gillespie brought up two more six-pounders, and having made what he judged to be a breach, sent his troops to the attack on Nalapani Stockade for a second time. Seeing that they wavered, he led them on himself. They refused to follow. Still waving them on, the daring leader mounted the breach alone. Even now the native infantry declined to move. Just then a shot rang out, and Gilles-

pie pitched forward, shot through the heart.

With a cry of rage the native infantry sprang up and charged through the haze of powder-smoke. They closed with the enemy in a death fight. There was no room for shooting; only cold steel counted. Men went down coughing horribly as a bayonet stuck them in the throat. Soldiers were disemboweled with one stroke of the curved kukri. Fighters fought on even though their life blood was flowing from many wounds. Bayonets snapped off in the close combat. Sepoys snatched kukris from the hands of the slain. It was a combat of the wild. No quarter was to be had. The walls of the stockade were splashed with blood. The living stumbled over the bodies of the slain, but still the fight continued.

The Peacock banner of Nepal swayed backward and forward as the bearer, although cut to pieces, sought to hold up his flag. No sound went up, no musket shots, nor cries, only the clash of steel on steel and the sickening sound of steel on human

flesh. Few bothered to parry the blows. To strike was their desire!

Slowly the Gurkas gave way before their frenzied attackers, but the sepoys and dragoons only plied their weapons more furiously. The narrow entrance became jammed with Nepalese. Whole ranks of mountaineers fell before the sabre and bayonet. At last the Gurkhas could stand it no longer. The British, too exhausted to pursue, dropped among their dead comrades and slept the sleep which they had earned.

Thus in a foreign corner died Rollo Gillespie, one of the many British generals such as Omptecda, Ponsonby, Fitzroy, Somerset, Colin Halkett, and Adam, who have died for their country. These and thousands of others have sprinkled the world with their red blood. Their bodies lie in graves from China to Denmark and from Montevideo to Burma. They beat the greatest Marshals of France and with a few hundred men they marched deep into the heart of India and defeated disastrously the Muhratta and Pohilla hordes.

DETLEV VAGTS (VI)

## The Last Day

The city was almost deserted, but we were attracted by a bright awning, or *velaria*, that hung over a large amphitheatre on the outskirts of the city. As we walked toward the amphitheatre, a huge ominous cloud that was hanging over Mt. Vesuvius startled us for a moment. But as we heard the excited shouts from the crowded amphitheatre, we turned our steps toward it.

As we entered the amphitheatre we noticed that the spectators had their thumbs turned down; we wondered why, but at that minute a man with a black hood, or visor, entered the arena with a keen-edged sword in his hand. A fallen gladiator, lying in the arena, saw his fate, as the man approached, and bared his neck for the blade. The hooded man looked around the arena, but from the crowd



there came no change of the signal. Then, with one blow, he stretched a corpse on the field. Two men then dragged the body into a room at the left end of the arena.

As the next combatants took their places an excited spectator shouted, "Look at Vesuvius!"

Indeed, it was a sight! A dark cloud of vapor intermingled with a dull red flame shot about eight hundred yards into the air.

Then there was a terrible rumbling. The earth shook mightily, and a fine ash fell over the city like a snow storm. A crash, followed by a hiss, gave proof that large burning stones were being shot out of Mt. Vesuvius like cannon balls.

At that minute everybody crowded for the entrance of the amphitheatre. As they poured out, they rushed into the streets of the town.

When we ran into the street, we saw again Vesuvius, which was now glowing like a monstrous bon-fire. We then turned, but were startled by a new burst of boiling water from Vesuvius.

Over by the Temple we saw a group of priests kneeling in prayer. As we watched, a deluge of boiling water burned them to a crisp in a horrible second.

Now ashes began to fall faster and in an incredibly short time they were up to our ankles, but we pushed on

to the sea. The city was overshadowed with a pitch black cloud, through which fantastic green, yellow and now lurid scarlet colors shot from Vesuvius.

As the day progressed, the ashes were knee deep in many places, and the houses were either smashed by falling stones or fell tottering as the earth reeled from side to side. By this time the frightened populace had lighted torches which were frequently extinguished by showers of ashes.

As we hurried toward the sea, we encountered many groups coming back from it, because the sea had receded nearly a mile from its low water mark, nevertheless, we hurried on.

A blinding flash suddenly flared up for a few minutes, and dark red streams could be seen forcing their way down the mountain side.

We now reached the seashore, where we saw a dark rolling mass of water. Over to our left we saw a small boat putting out to sea. We hailed it, and the boat waited for us. We climbed in and hastily pushed off, exhausted.

The next morning, when we woke up we looked in the direction of Pompeii, but all we saw was a dark pall of smoke. Little thinking that the city we had just left was now buried under tons of lava, we rowed toward Naples.

SAMUEL HOWELL (V)

## Pencil Sketches

### MY FIRST ROBIN

When I woke up that morning it was already broad daylight. Through my open window I could hear the blue jays quarrelling in the trees and the cardinals calling to each other. The air seemed less chilly than usual.

I jumped out of bed and got dressed in a hurry, because I felt sure something nice was going to happen. I ran outside as quickly as I could. Some squirrels were chasing each other around the lawn. Three blue jays were yelling, "Thief! Thief! Thief!"

at a cardinal, who didn't seem to care what they said about him. I couldn't help thinking that these were almost like signs of spring.

Then suddenly I knew it was spring! There, on the lawn, not twenty feet away from me was a robin. He looked so gay and cheery that it made me feel happy too.

"Come on, Stumpy!" I called, as I heard a rush of feet behind me. "Let's take a walk. It's spring!"

BRANDON HART (II)

### BRINGING UP ANDY

As I walked past our sheep barn one cold, frosty morning last November, I heard a faint cry, but I thought nothing of it. As I returned I heard it again. This time I stopped. Carefully opening the barn door, I saw, pressed up against the wall by a ewe, a new-born lamb. It was the first of the season!

Later, when I went down to see about the horses, I looked again. This time I saw two, then three lambs. Two of them I found to be twins. The third was the noise-maker. He was off in a corner by himself. He was crying, for the ewe had neglected him for the twins.

I called the gardener, and together we penned the twins and their ewe. None of the other sheep acted as if the third little lamb was even there.

It was useless to try to find a mother for him. Whoever had been his mother had apparently disowned him. We would have to bring him up without a mother.

We consulted all the government books about how to care for orphan lambs. Finally we found that such a lamb should be fed from a bottle every two hours. Then began the headache of Andy's upbringing, as every two hours we gave him his bottle.

Our treatment must have been successful, for Andy grew very fast. He is not of pure breed, but I think he is very nice just the same. He is awfully big now and is boss over everything on the farm except the other sheep, all of whom he hates.

THEODORE TOWER (IV)

## THE COLLECTING INSTINCT—ITS JOYS AND SORROWS

One day in April, just before my birthday, my mother announced that she was going to take me to New York, where I could see whatever I wished. Of course, the only places I wanted to visit were the gun stores—*Guns* being my middle name!

Just before we got to New York, my mother broke the news that I had to have my teeth examined by the dentist. I couldn't argue about that, so to the dentist I went. When I finally came out of his office, I went across the street to an old antique store that sometimes has guns, and where occasionally you can pick up some good specimens at bargain prices. But there was no luck that day, for there was not a gun in the place.

Then I decided I would visit a place called Robert Abel's on Lexington Avenue. As I walked into the store I glanced up and down the racks of guns. I saw one I had wanted for years but had never been able to find before. It is most exciting when you come across the very gun you have been looking for. It is also considered very good luck. I asked the clerk how much the gun was. Imagine my disappointment when he said it was already sold! But this was nothing to my surprise when he told me that it had been sold to a certain boy in Princeton, New Jersey—a boy whom I knew well and who goes to my school! That was that! I realized I was beaten, and as none of the other guns in the shop had any interest for me, I left.

By this time I was beginning to get a little tired, but I was determined to get rid of my money somehow. I consulted my little note-book for addresses of gun stores and found one that was over on the East Side. I was not very optimistic about my prospects, but the collecting instinct urged me on, and I decided to go anyway.

When I reached the East Side I found myself in front of a large store with huge windows crowded with old rifle butts, rusted pistols, and piles of junk of all kinds. Inwardly regretting the money I had spent in making the journey, I walked into the shop. At first glance it did not look as if anybody had been there for years. The proprietor was an old Frenchman who had apparently loaded a boat full of relics from the battlefields of the last war. The more I looked around, the more excited I became. There seemed to be hundreds of old rifles, pistols, machine guns, and even a few field pieces. It was a gun collector's heaven, and everything was as cheap as dirt!

I could have stayed in that place for years. Finally I got down to business and bought a machine gun and several other old relics. When the time came to return to Princeton, I was horribly dirty from going through all the dust in the store and from handling some of the marvelous guns I saw. Yes, I was tired but satisfied, for I knew that I had found a new happy hunting ground. So, you see, gun collecting has its joys as well as its sorrows.

LAWRENCE STURHAHN (V)

## *Go West, Young Man!*

Bullets whine o'er the hero's head,  
Horses and cattle are sprawled out dead,  
Six-shooters blazing every which way—  
Or so the Wild West movies say!

Longhorns mooing, and horses snorting,  
Drunkards staggering, lovers courting—  
This happens almost every day—  
Or so the Wild West movies say!

Arrows bristling, bullets whistling,  
Coyotes howling, wild cats prowling,  
Indians scalping every day—  
Or so the Wild West movies say!

MICHAEL HUDSON (II)



## *Athletics*

### HOCKEY

The 1942 season looked pretty hopeful to P. C. D. hockey fans. With last year's front line still in school and a highly satisfactory group of defense candidates lined up, the team's prospects seemed promising indeed. Topping all this was the appointment of Mr. Richard Vaughan, director of the Princeton varsity squad, as our new coach. Mr. Vaughan made the most of his material, and the blue and white sextet played through an entire season, winning all its scheduled games except one. All in all, the season was a most successful one, as the statistics recorded below bear out.

#### P. C. D. 1. ALUMNI 1.

P. C. D. had its first game of the 1942 season with a team of visiting alumni. Neither side proved overwhelmingly superior to the other, and the resulting score was a friendly tie of 1-1. David Erdman made the lone goal for P. C. D., while Jimmy Dougherty scored for the Alumni.

#### P. C. D. 2. PEDDIE 1.

P. C. D. players stood up well in their first clash with an outside team. The better-practised P. C. D. team kept at bay a heavier Peddie delegation, with Captain Dean Mathey scoring both goals for the home team.



## P. C. D. 3. LAWRENCEVILLE 1.

From the very start of this game, P. C. D. showed marked superiority over their Lawrenceville rivals. Peter Erdman drew first blood when he soloed through the Lawrenceville six and slipped the puck into the cage in the first period. P. C. D. soon made a second goal, with Dean Mathey scoring. Nolan of Lawrenceville and Peter Erdman for P. C. D. accounted for the two final tallies.

## P. C. D. 2. PEDDIE 3.

In a hard-fought game P. C. D. played an older and heavier team, the first-line Peddie six. Don Mathey contributed the two goals for P. C. D. Both scores resulted from hot scrimmages at the Peddie cage.

## P. C. D. 8. CRANFORD 0.

The well-seasoned P. C. D. team downed a heavier but inexperienced Cranford team, with the Country Day players taking the offensive throughout most of the game. Again the Mathey brothers were responsible for the heavy scoring. Don Mathey secured four, while Brother Dean rolled up another three. Stanley Wilson soloed through the Cranford sextet late in the second period, and by slipping the puck into the enemy cage, scored the remaining P. C. D. goal.

## P. C. D. 4. LAWRENCEVILLE 2.

Accepting the Lawrenceville challenge for a return match, the blue and white sextet again proved victorious over their friendly neighbors. In the first period P. C. D. took an early lead, with Peter Erdman, Don Mathey, and Freddie Roberts scoring once each. The Lawrenceville boys were not discouraged, however, and in the second period they tallied twice. Freddie Roberts clinched the score for P. C. D. with a shot at the Lawrenceville nets in the final period of the game.

The team line-up for most games: (C) Mathey, D., Harrop; (R. W.) Erdman, P., Erdman, D., Kleinhans; (L. W.) Mathey, M., McAlpin, Hudson, R.; (D.) Kerr, Roberts, Benham, Schluter; (G.) Dougherty, Peyton, B. Manager, Vagts.

*With The Blues And Whites*

## SCHOLARSHIP

During the entire second term the Whites kept a slight edge over the Blues, with a total average of 2.50. The Blues provided extremely close competition with an average of 2.54.

Boys who had no subject failures during the term were:

WHITES (24 of 42)—Blakeney, Casadesus, Fisher, Godolphin, Harrop,

Hopkinson, Howard, Hudson, M., Hudson, R., Laughlin, L., Lindley, Mathey, D., Mathey, M., McCutchen, Morehouse, Peyton, B., Peyton, M., Ralston, Roberts, Rossmassler, Schluter, Warren, Wetzel, Grant. **BLUES** (21 of 41)—Ashley, Barlow, Benham, Broneer, Clark, W., Dignan, Dougherty, Eckfeldt, Ellis, Flemer, Gordon-Lennox, Hart, March, McAlpin, Patterson, Paynter, G., Paynter, R., Piper, G., Piper, R., Vagts, Wilson, J.

### ATHLETICS

Due to their lack of experienced skaters, the Blues were unable to stop the swift White players in the competition for the hockey championship of the school. The Blues lost all games except one, which was tied.

With their record showing four victories and one tie, the Whites succeeded in rolling up thirty goals to the Blues' nine, thus capturing the championship for the 1942 hockey season.

The annual Ice Meet marking the end of the skating season in the Baker Memorial Rink was held on March 12 and 13. Although plenty of thrills were provided for the spectators, competition was too one-sided for a close finish. The Whites turned in a final score of 37 points, with the Blues trailing with 9.

Winners in the skating races were:

#### Relay Race—the Whites.

Seniors	Intermediates A.	Intermediates B	Juniors
(1) Mathey, D.	(1) Matthews	(1) Erdman, D.	(1) Clark, H.
(2) Roberts	(2) McAlpin	(2) Kleinhans	(2) Rossmassler
(3) Benham	(3) Mathey, M.	(3) Page	(3) Blakeney



### Exchanges

The JUNIOR JOURNAL welcomes exchanged publications from other schools. For this issue we have chosen to review two magazines edited and published by boys of elementary school age. The Fessenden School in Massachusetts and Rumsey Hall in Connecticut are two well-known New England schools very similar to our own P. C. D.

The *Albemarle*, published by the Fessenden School, has well-written editorials, but we think its editors could devote more space to their featured departments. The reader misses an adequate account of school sports. The literary material, though often too brief, is usually of good quality.

The *Echo*, published by Rumsey Hall, is printed in clear, attractive style and devotes ample space to its various sections on school activities. The lack of an editorial and any attempt at poetry is noticeable in this magazine. The stories, too, could be longer, and there should be more of them.

## *With the Alumni*

In place of the usual Alumni News, the JUNIOR JOURNAL devotes this space to the honored memory of John Hamilton Drummond, Jr., the first alumnus of this School to give his life for his country in the present war. John Drummond was a member of one of the first classes to graduate from the old school on Bayard Lane, when it was called the Princeton Junior School for Boys. An excellent student and an accomplished athlete, he made a fine contribution to the life of the School and is remembered by his teachers and classmates for his cheerful disposition, his keen sense of good sportsmanship, and his high qualities as a leader among boys. The story of John Drummond's life is the story of a typical American boy. We are proud to publish it here, together with a letter from his commanding officer and a tribute in verse from his father. On behalf of all who have followed John Drummond at the Country Day School, the JUNIOR JOURNAL extends deepest sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Drummond in the loss of so gallant a son.

### AS AN OFFICER WOULD

MY DEAR MRS. DRUMMOND:

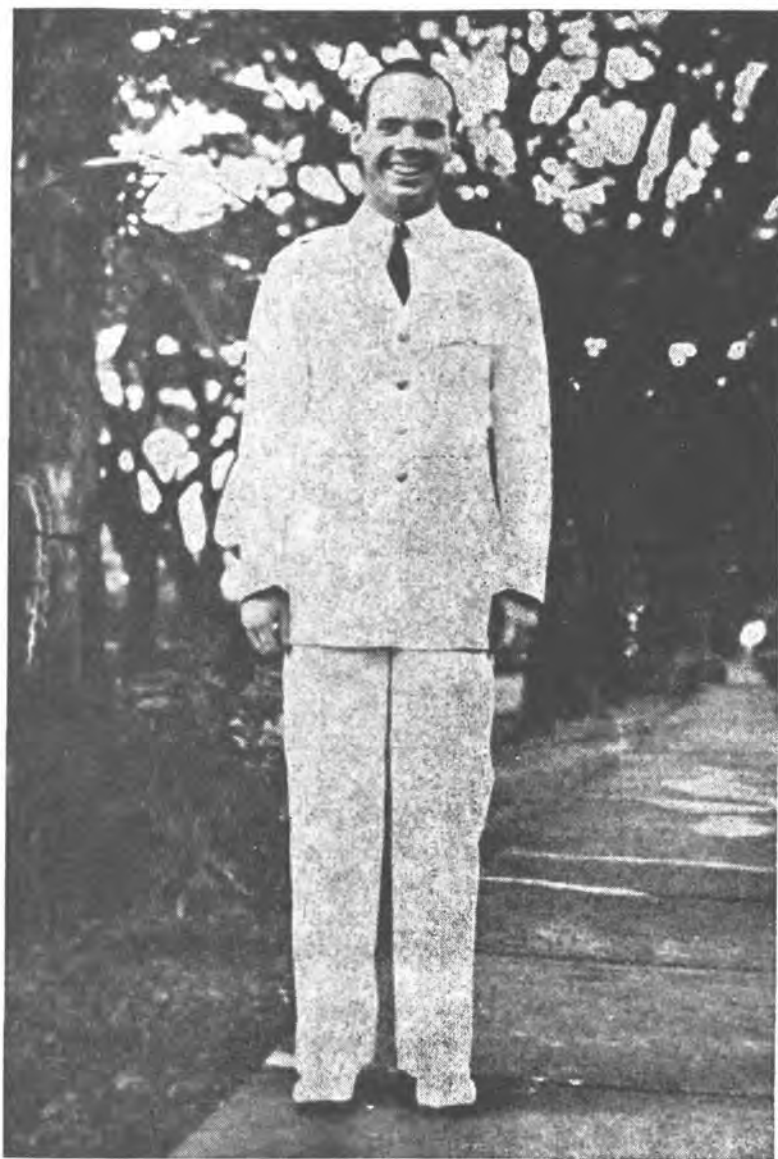
John has gone. You have lost a son to your country. We have lost a true friend and an excellent officer. We cannot help him, for he was not the type to seek help; rather, as you well know, he was just the opposite—ever doing more than his share. If we are to find a reason for such things as covered by the definition "fate," we then would have the answer to all questions. Why John was taken is not ours to ask nor attempt to reason. A power greater than all men controls our lives; God willed it so.

John left us during an air raid outside a small town in northern Luzon at noon December 31, 1941. He was hit in the chest by a shell fragment and died instantly while attempting to get his men under cover. There are many flowery words written of the passing of man, needless and ineffective words. Col. Searight and I have placed above his soldier's plot the inscription, "As an officer would, protecting his men for his country."

You may ask to what avail all this strife, this greed, this warring—yet we know the answer—to defend those principles without which there is no living. That is the altruistic side, yet we up front must be practical. John died doing his duty, and no one recognized and respected his duty more.

I hate to mention this, but I feel it justifiable to tell you how he thought of home. He was writing a letter home and had put it aside to attend to a matter when the raid occurred. I very much would like to have sent it to you, but in the excitement it was misplaced and now, I am afraid, gone. You may have received a wire from him that same day—it was sent via Red Cross just a few hours previous.

I should like to tell you more of our duty together, but as it is so recent I am sure it would be subject to censorship. Our friendship began on the boat



### **In Memoriam**

LIEUT. JOHN HAMILTON DRUMMOND, JR.

enroute here, and as luck would have it we were assigned to the same unit. Then the fun began, with Col Searight, John and I—three amongst 1000 natives, leading them, pleading with them, and swearing at them. We had our troubles, yet as men will, we had our laughs. But it was John who pointed out the humor in every situation; it was he who buoyed our spirits when things were darkest. We miss him. He can not be replaced nor a good substitute be found, for they are not making men like John any more.

But we are living and must fulfill whatever destiny has for us; he would not have stood for mourning or grief. Often he had spoken to me and had expressed a strong wish to be considered as gone on a mission—to return soon.

When all this is over and man may seek his destination unharmed, I shall return to California, my home too. I should then like very much to call upon and meet you, to tell you all those things a mother wants to know. I shall send under separate cover some of those personal effects still in our possession—they may be delayed due to the shipping situation.

Permit me to express the sympathy of Col. Searight, his fellow officers, and of all of his men as well as my own.

Until we meet,

Sincerely,

Censored 4 Jan. 42

JOHN M. LOUPE, Capt. 51st. F. A.

H. F. Searight, Col. F. A.

U. S. A. F. F. E., P. I.

### ONE WHO HAS GONE

Lt. John Hamilton Drummond, Jr., was born in New York City, January 11, 1914, being the only son of Willette K. and John H. Drummond.

He attended University School in Cleveland, Ohio, and upon his graduation from the lower school in June, 1926, he received the unusual honor of leading his class in both scholarship and athletics.

His family moving to Princeton, New Jersey, he went to the Princeton Country Day School for two years, where he was the captain of the soccer team.

He then spent four years at Phillips Exeter Academy. In his senior year he was president of the Four Year Club, captain of the All Class Football Team, manager of hockey, secretary of his class of 1932 and a member of the Alpha Nu Fraternity. He was voted by his classmates as the boy most likely to succeed, and selected by Headmaster Lewis Perry as the senior who had done most for Exeter.

He attended Princeton University, graduating in 1936. He was a member of the 150 lb. football team for three years, where his work in the line earned him the nickname of "Bulldog." He was an excellent squash player, being captain of the Quadrangle Club Team. He was elected an editor of the Bric-a-Brac. He was a member of the R.O.T.C., graduating with a commission as Second Lieutenant. He served as athletic director of the Princeton Summer Camp during the summer of 1936.



Coming to Chicago, he was employed for four years by the Northern Trust Company, and was a member of the University Club. He carried forward his military studies, attending summer training camps each year, and in 1939 he was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant.

Moving to California in the summer of 1940, he was employed by the Bank of America in the Trust Department of the main office in Los Angeles. He was expecting his call to military service, which finally came on July 7, 1941. He reported for duty at Fort Lewis on July 12, 1941, where he trained with the 39th Field Artillery.

Volunteering for duty overseas, he sailed for the Philippines on October 4, 1941, and was assigned to the 51st Field Artillery. His last communication with his home was a radiogram sent on Christmas Day, 1941, from San Pablo.

He was sincerely religious, both from conviction and heritage, his grandfather on his mother's side having been a missionary who died in China. John was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood.

He was by nature happy and cheerful, and as his captain has written, he pointed out the humor in every situation and buoyed his comrades' spirits when things were darkest. He would not have stood for mourning or grief. He often said that when his call came he should be considered as one who has gone on a mission—to return soon.

### FATHER TO SON

I little dreamed, as you sat reading  
With such a quiet, unobtrusive air,  
Sprawled in that old armchair—  
There in your shabby sweater, with your tumbled hair,  
Your quiet ways and gentle breeding,  
True splendor stood beside you, called you forth,  
Clothed you in light and in magnificence . . .  
Nor did I hear that trumpet notes of glory  
Were singing through the stillness of the room,  
Calling to you, who seemed lost in your story . . .  
I did not dream that Fate could hardly wait  
To crown you with imperishable laurel . . .  
I little dreamed  
That your old sweater with the shabby hole  
Through which your elbow stole  
A cloak of glory was, nor that it caught  
Within its broken strands high destiny . . .  
I could not know or see  
Bataan—Bataan—and immortality.

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# BLUES AND WHITES

## THE BLUES

## THE WHITES

### SOCCER CHAMPIONS

1930	1928
1931	1929
1934	1932
1935	1933
1936	1937
1938	1940
	1941

### HOCKEY CHAMPIONS

1926	1927	1933
1937	1928	1934
1938	1930	1935
1939	1931	1936
1941	1932	1940
		1942

### BASEBALL CHAMPIONS

1926	1927
1930	1928
1931	1929
1935	1932
1937	1933
1938	1934
1939	1936
1941	1940



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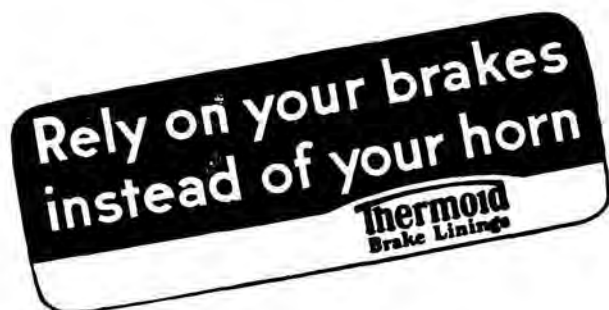
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